

Under the (dead) mistletoe by mAadMax

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Summary:

Decided to write for the 12 days of Harringrove that harringroveholidayexchange shared on tumblr. Each chapter is going to be a different prompt.

The Prompts:

1. Mistletoe
2. Skating
3. Snow
4. Candy cane
5. Eggnog
6. Gingerbread
7. Ugly sweater
8. Present
9. Bells
10. Sledding
11. Tree
12. Bow

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Author's Note:

I wrote this in under an hour so I apologize in advance for any mistakes! Enjoy it!

Christmas used to be Steve's favorite holiday as a child. His parents used to decorate the house with littles and tiny Santas all around. Their pine tree was always huge and gorgeous, the green was perfect and adorned with red glittery balls, a string of colorful lights and a huge star on the top. As the years went by his parents stopped decorating, too busy with work and their own personal lives, not caring much about making a huge deal of Christmas.

This year it got worse. Robert and Jennifer Harrington didn't even bother coming home to spend Christmas with their son. According to his mom, they were "too busy with your dad's work and there's going to be a dinner with important people on the 24th, so we won't be back on time, sorry kid."

That was the reason why Steve was at the quarry, on Christmas' Eve all by himself, with only an expensive bottle of whiskey that he stole from his dad's office as a company. He was drinking for a while, looking up at the stars that were shining on the dark cold sky when he heard a loud engine coming near. Closing his eyes, he sighed. Billy's Camaro.

They weren't enemies anymore, not after Billy apologized to him for smashing his face, but Steve was still a little careful around the guy. The Californian boy kept pushing and teasing Steve at practice, at the showers and even out of school. It didn't seem malicious so Steve didn't know what to think. Sometimes he thought Billy was even flirting with him and kinda liked the idea, but he knew that wasn't possible. Billy was straight as an arrow, making his way across all the girls in Hawkins. So he pushed the thought on the back of his mind and tried to not thinking about him.

"Hey, Harrington! Waiting for Santa to bring your gift?" He heard the blonde sitting next to him on the top of his Beemer and looked at him

before replying.

“Yes, but I guess I was a bad boy this year ‘cause instead of my gift he sent you here, so...” Steve smirked at Billy, who threw his head back laughing at what he said.

“That was a good one. Maybe if you share this bottle of expensive booze, Santa will change his mind and put you on the good list.” He reached for the bottle, snatching it from Steve’s grip before drinking it. “Shit, this is really good stuff. Did your dad give it to you?”

“No, I stole from him. He’s not home so whatever, he won’t miss it.” Steve shrugged before lying down on his car to get more comfortable.

“Well, his loss. We are going to get wasted on his expense. Cheers!” Billy raised the bottle and took another swig on the booze, passing it back to Steve.

“How about your family? Wasn’t you supposed to be at a family dinner or some shit like that?” Max had told Steve and the rest of the party about how Neil liked to make Susan cook a huge Christmas dinner for them, so he imagined that Billy was going to be there.

“Yeah, I bailed. Fuck my dad if he thinks I’m going to spend Christmas night sitting on a table pretending we are a big happy family. It’s going to bite me in the ass tomorrow but I can deal with it.”

“Here’s to shitty dads ruining Christmas!” It was Steve’s time to raise the bottle and drink.

“You know, I used to love Christmas. Back in California, before my mom died, we used to decorate the tree together. We always cooked these gingerbread man cookies too. Can’t believe I’m saying that but I hate when I smell them nowadays. It always makes me want to cry because they remind me of her.” Steve turned his gaze from the sky to Billy, who was looking ahead of him, with tears in his eyes. He never saw Hargrove like that. He was always looking strong and like nothing would reach him, so seeing him talk about his mom and feeling like this was news to Steve.

“I used to do that with my mom too, before she stopped caring about me. Last year she didn’t even cook. When I asked her about our dinner she told me I could get take out. I left and went to Nancy’s. This year they didn’t even bother coming back home and I couldn’t go to Nancy so here I am.”

“I thought you were going to Shelly’s party tonight. Heard her parents went to spend it with her granny and she’s throwing a huge one after everyone finishes dinner.” Billy took another sip of the whiskey, looking back at Steve spread on the car, his eyes now closed and Billy knew he was buzzed already.

“Nope, not in the mood to walk around her house trying to not stay under the mistletoe with random girls. Don’t want my first one to be with a drunk girl who probably threw up already.”

Billy cocked his head at Steve, curiously. “Does King Steve never kissed under the mistletoe? How so?”

“Dunno. Never had the chance to do it with someone I liked.” He kept his eyes closed, relaxing while talking to the blonde. He heard some ruckus next to him and felt Billy moving around before sitting back next to Steve, this time closer than he was before.

“Open your eyes, Steve.” Billy whispered softly above him. Steve opened his eyes, locking his gaze on Billy’s before raising his eyes to something between them, above their heads.

Billy was holding a dead leaf above their heads and had a soft look on his face. Steve smiled at him.

“Billy, what is this?”

“It’s a mistletoe.” His voice was low and soft.

“That’s no mistletoe. That’s a dead leaf, Billy.” He laughed at the boy thinking that he was only joking and trying to get a rise from him. Billy moved his eyes to look everywhere but Steve, his shoulder slumping. Oh shit, Billy was not joking. “Billy, look at me.” The younger boy looked down once again, his eyes filled with fear. “Is this your way to say that you want to kiss me?”

Billy only shrugged, his cheeks getting red and hot. He wasn't going to say that in exact words, fuck Harrington.

He felt Steve moving under him, raising his upper body and one of his hands going to wrap around Billy's neck pushing them closer so Steve could plant a kiss on him. Their lips met softly on a chaste kiss. Steve drew back to look in Billy's eyes. "Merry Christmas, Billy." The blonde smiled before closing the space between them once again, this time seeking for a deeper kiss, feeling Steve smile too.

"Thanks, Santa." Billy thought moving his body to press closer to the other boy, not wanting to let go.

Author's Note:

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